

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, from October 2, 1913, to October 3, 1913, with transcript

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL TO MABEL (Hubbard) BELL Beinn Bhreagh, C. B.
Thursday, October 2, 1913. Mrs. A. Graham Bell, 1331 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. My darling little wifie:

There is quite a storm outside and I wonder what sort of a time you had getting to the Grand Narrows. I fear the S.S. Bluehill could not land you at Iona and wonder whether the Bridge-tenders opened the draw to let you through to the shelter of Grand Narrows.

It is now half-past one (a.m.) and I have had no word of the return of Charles Thompson — so I suppose that he and Casey here have had to stay all night at the Grand Narrows.

I wish I knew what happened but must have patience and wait for the morning for news. Hope you all caught the train and that the reservations were O.K. I miss you already and the house seems very ?mpty. The only consolation is that I can assume houseboat costume (!) in safety tonight. Now for my bath and medicine.

Friday, October 3, 1913 — at B.B.

Your telegram from Truro is the first intimation I have received that you caught your train at Iona. Poor Casey had to sleep all night in the Station at Iona; and Charles remained at the Grand Narrows Hotel. Neither of them turned up here until this afternoon.

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Last night I forced myself to complete the reading of Jack Frost's book "The Man Between." I wish to goodness the publishers had not requested me for an opinion —

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for I can hardly accept the book and decline to give an opinion. And yet what can I say that will help Jack? Your proposed reply is an evasion that cannot help him with his publishers; and I cannot bring myself to express my real opinion excepting to you. The book is uninteresting and the plot is unworthy of a man with Jack's abilities. To offset the silliness of the plot I cannot find one redeeming feature. There are no good, or enabling or improving sentiments inserted any where to relieve the situation, and inspire good and noble thoughts in the reader.

Even the romance is artificial and in the nature of uninteresting padding. A pair of violet eyes and that is all. There are no love scenes to stir the blood and create sympathy for the hero and heroine. In my opinion the book is a dead failure and should not have been written. I shall simply thank the publishers for the book and express no opinion. I am awfully sorry about the whole matter for I like Jack tremendously and would be glad to say a good word for him if I could — but I cannot.

I am quite excited over a note just received from Mr. Popenoe, the new Editor of the American Breeders Magazine asking me for a paper on Engenics embodying the features of 3 my dictation to Miss Schmidt. I am going right at it now .

Your loving husband, Alec.